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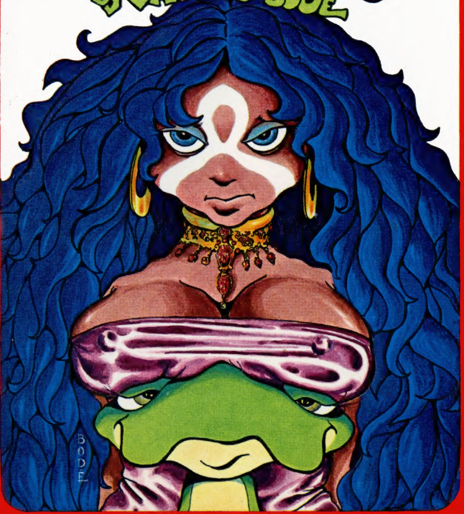
BODĒ'S CARTOON CONCERT

by VAUGHN BODĒ



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

by VAUGHN BODE

A DELL BOOK

Vaughn Bodé is one of the most successful underground artists to surface into popular art. With R. Crumb he helped launch *The Gothic Blimp,* the first weekly underground comic; he has appeared in *Cavalier* since 1969; and "Bodé's Cartoon Concert" is featured in *National Lampoon.* Bodé is the writer and illustrator of his own irregularly published, San Francisco-based underground adult comics (including *Cheech Wizard, The Man,* and the *Junk Waffles* series). His full-color fantasy projection of "Cartoon Concert" is being seen on college campuses across the country.

Dedicated to Tantrik Allah

Layout by Vaughn Bodé,
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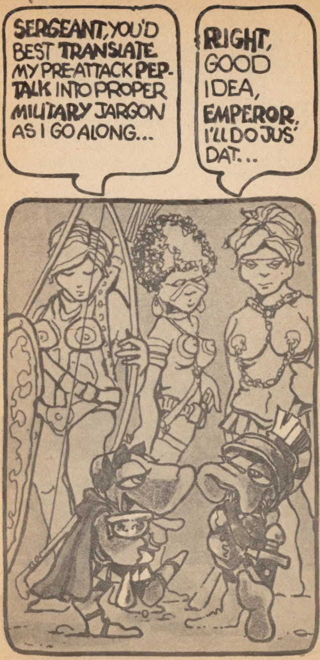
TIT TROOP

by VAUGHN BODE

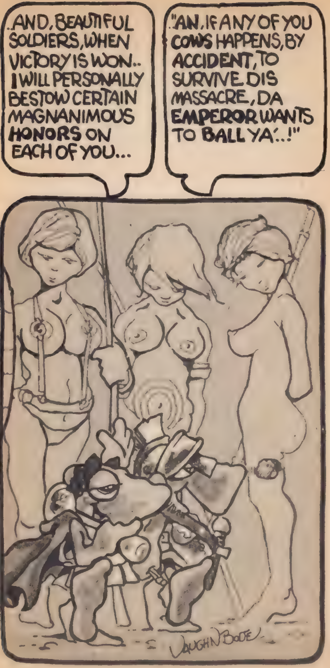
©1970


SERGEANT, YOU'D BEST TRANSLATE MY PRE-ATTACK PEP-TALK INTO PROPER MILITARY JARGON AS I GO ALONG...
RIGHT, GOOD IDEA, EMPEROR, I'LL DO JUS' DAT...

HARKEN, GLORIOUS IMPERIAL TROOPS, FLOWER OF OUR GREAT EMPIRE!..YOU MUST NEEDS ENTER INTO THIS MOMENTOUS IMPENDING ENGAGEMENT WITH ALL THE VIGOR AND GUSTO OF WARRIOR GODDESSES ...OR..WE SHALL ALL BE SORE PUT INDEED TO DISCOVER THE REASON WHY..

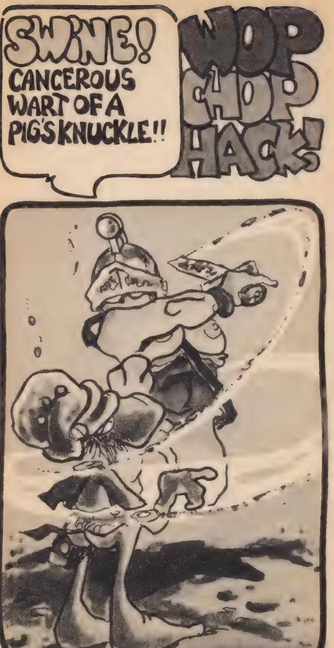
"OKAY YOU SYPHILIS-PLAGUED WHORES, YOU IS ALL GONNA' HAUL ASS INTO DIS GAWDAMN FIASCO OR I'LL GIVE EVERYONE OF YOU MOTHERS A HYSTERECTOMY WIF MY BARE HANDS!!"

MY DEAR AMAZONS..YOU MUST BECOME AWARE OF OUR POSITIVE OMENS FOR CERTAIN VICTORY IN THIS NEW BATTLE...
"IF YOUSE PIGS CAN WALLOW UP OUTTA' DA' MUCK OF YER SEX DREAMS FOR TWO MINUTES, MAYBE WE CAN BE DEFEATED DECENTLY DISTIME!"


..AND, BEAUTIFUL SOLDIERS, WHEN VICTORY IS WON.. I WILL PERSONALLY BESTOW CERTAIN MAGNANIMOUS HONORS ON EACH OF YOU...
"AN, IF ANY OF YOU COWS HAPPENS, BY ACCIDENT, TO SURVIVE DIS MASSACRE, DA EMPEROR WANTS TO BALL YA'..!"
VAUGHN BODE

RAPE!!

by VAUGHN BODĒ ©1970


SWINE! CANCEROUS WART OF A PIG'S KNUCKLE!!
WOP CHOP HACK!

HUNK SLINK GOOSH!
..TIT WEENED SLUG SLIME! ASS BACKWARD ABORTION OF A ROACH!!

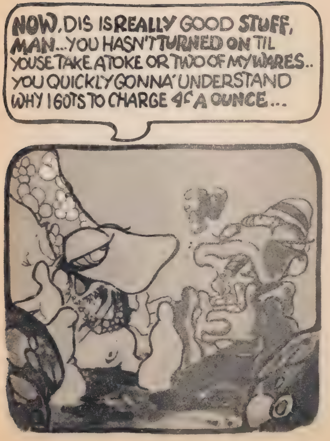
SUNCH CHOP WOP!
...FILTHY DIRTY UNDERDEVELOPED LIMPY-HUNG BAG OF LECHEROUS PERVERTED VILENESS!!

WOP, GUNCH SNICK, HACK GINCH, CHOP!

I SHOULDA' MASTURBATED.

PISS POOR POT PUSHER

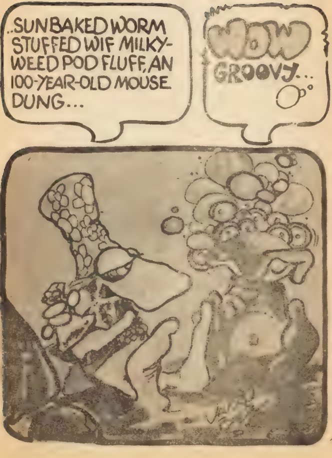
by VAUGHN BODE ©1970


NOW, DIS IS REALLY GOOD STUFF, MAN... YOU HASN'T TURNED ON TIL YOUSE TAKE A TOKE OR TWO OF MY WARES.. YOU QUICKLY GONNA' UNDERSTAND WHY I GOTS TO CHARGE 4¢ A OUNCE...

OKAY, HERE GOES A SUPER DEEP DRAG:
HEEEEEP!

DAT'S DA TICKET... JUS' HOLD ER' IN THERE..
....

WOO DAT GOT SOME REAL OL' FASHIONED SPUNK! MAN, WOT IS DIS ULTRA-FANTASTIC POT!!


..SUNBAKED WORM STUFFED WIF MILKY-WEED POD FLUFF, AN 100-YEAR-OLD MOUSE DUNG...
WOW GROOVY...

EYEBALL OF DA' BEHOLDER

by VAUGHN BODĒ ©1970

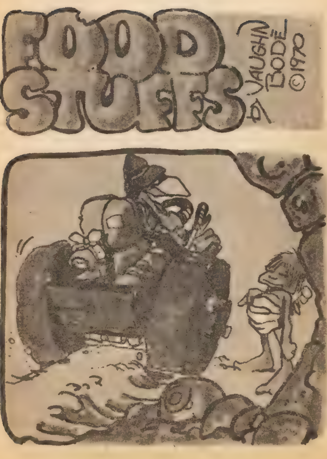
..UMM YEATH'...I SEE...SSS'THEY WANTS ME TO FALL MADLY, AN IRRATIONALLY IN LOVE WIF 'YOU AND YOUR 'PROPORTEDLY ENTHRALLING, EYE-BOGGLING, UNIVERSALLY-ATTRACTIVE BODY..

..SSS..YOUSE MIGHT AWAKE VOLUPTUOUS CORDS OF AMOROUS EXCITEMENT IN A STINKING, TIC-INFESTED BIRD, OR SLIMY, LILY-LIVERED LIZARDS, BUT THEY GUESS WRONG SUSPECTIN' YOU CAN WOO ME AN MY PHYSICALLY HANDSOME RODENT BOD'!

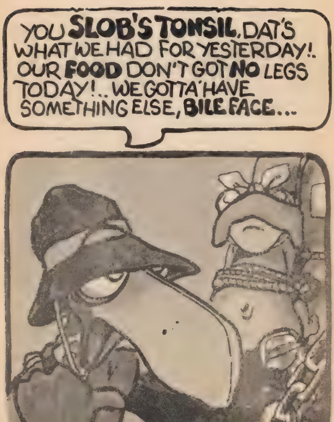
..JUS..JUS TAKE A LOOK AT YOU!..NO APPRECIABLE AMOUNTS OF FUR... OVERALL BALD..NO WHIPPY SMART TAIL OR SKINNY, BONEY APPENDAGES WIF BIG TWO-TOE FEETS..BUT, MAINLY, IT MOSTLY DAT FLAT, SHORT FACE WIF DA OBSCENE SLIT!..

GOOK!...I WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU IF I HAD DA' PLAGUE AN YOU WAS DA' ONLY CURE!..I'D GIVE UP CHEESE, PLUCK ME WHISKERS AN' CASTRATE MYSELF FIFTY TIMES BEFORE I'D LAY A PAW ON YER UGLY CARCASS!!
VAUGHN BODE

... OF COURSE, TOO.. DA FACT DAT I IS HOMOSEXUAL MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WIF' IT...


FOOD STUFFS
by VAUGHN BODĒ ©1970

WELL NOW, LET'S SEE... WHAT DOES WE HAVE FOR SUPPER?..
DRUM-STICKS! YUMMY


YOU SLOB'S TONSIL, DAT'S WHAT WE HAD FOR YESTERDAY!. OUR FOOD DON'T GOT NO LEGS TODAY!.. WE GOTTA' HAVE SOMETHING ELSE, BILE FACE...

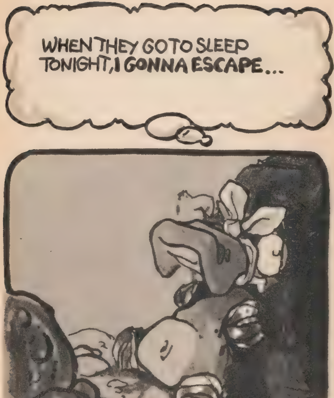
ARM-STICKS THEN!
RIGHT ON, SOUNDS LIP-SMACKIN' GOOD AHH..DAT...DAT WILL LEAVE DATRUNK FOR FRIDAYAN SATURDAY...

...DEN WE'LL FINISH EM' UP SUNDAY...ROAST HEAD AN APPLE SOPPED IN GRAVY..
I IS STARVIN, LET'S LOP OFF A COUPLE ARMSTICKS...

CHOP! CHOP!

MMM. MAN. DAT DO TASTE GOOD!..HOT, GREASY AN SUCCULENT.. ASK OUR FOOD IF HE WANT SOME....
HE JUS' REFUSES TO EAT HISSELF..

HOW'S ABOUT SOME DESSERT?..IT WOULD ONLY TAKE A JIFFY TO WHIP UP SOME CHOCOLATE EYEBALLS..
BELCH'..ERP' NONE,.FOR ME.. I IS STUFFED, BUT YOU GO AHEAD...


WHEN THEY GO TO SLEEP TONIGHT, I GONNA ESCAPE...

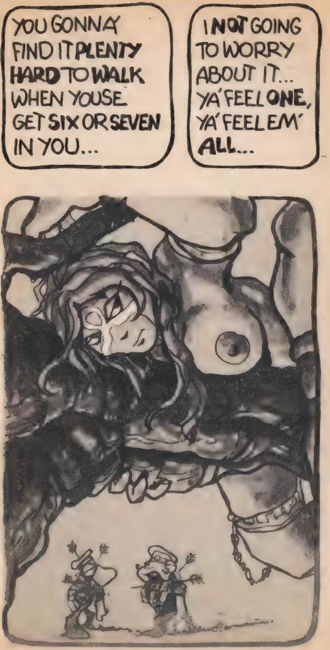
GETTING SHAFTED

by VAUGHN BODÉ ©1970

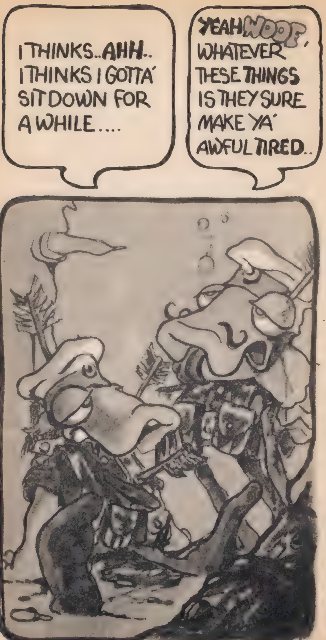
YOU LOOKS A LITTLE SILLY WIF' DAT LONG THING STICKIN' THROUGH YER BOD'...
WELL, DRIBBLE MIND, I NOT DA ONE WOT PUT IT THERE...

HEY, YOUSE JUST GOT ANOTHER ONE IN YOU!
OOF I REALLY FELT DAT ONE... THESE THINGS IS GETTING TO BE A DRAG...

OW! NOW I GOT ONE STICKIN' IN ME!!
HA, YOURS ISN'T AS LONG AS MINE...



YOU GONNA' FIND IT PLENTY HARD TO WALK WHEN YOUSE GET SIX OR SEVEN IN YOU...
I NOT GOING TO WORRY ABOUT IT... YA' FEEL ONE, YA' FEEL EM' ALL...


I THINKS..AHH.. I THINKS I GOTTA' SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE....
YEAH WOOF, WHATEVER THESE THINGS IS THEY SURE MAKE YA' AWFUL TIRED..

CLIMBING ABROAD

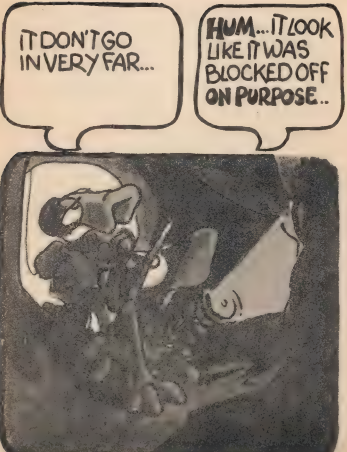
by VAUGHN BODÉ ©1970

OKAY, SLIDE ON DOWN
I HAS GOT FIRM FOOTING!

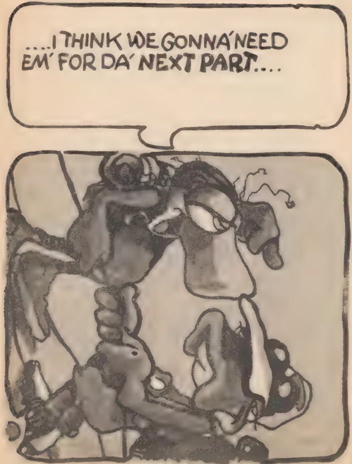
KINDA WARM AND SPONGY, ISN'T IT?...
JUS' SHUTUP, IF WE GOT ALL DA' GEAR WE'LL PUSH ON...

I'LL TIE DA' LINE AROUND DIS BIG BROWN PROTUBERANCE..
ZOOKS, DAT SOME DROP!!

HEY HOLD UP, LOOK AT DIS BIG BUTTON-LIKE OPENIN!
WOO, IT SOME SORT OF CAVE...


IT DON'T GO IN VERY FAR...
HUM...IT LOOK LIKE IT WAS BLOCKED OFF ON PURPOSE..

AHH, SAY, DID WE BRING A COUPLE OF MACHETE ?...
YEAH, I BROUGHT EM', WHY YOU ASK?..
VAUGHN BODE


....I THINK WE GONNA' NEED EM' FOR DA' NEXT PART....

SOLDIERS
by VAUGHN BODE ©1970

LIEUT., LOOKIT, MY NEW WHORSE.. I JUS GOT HER FROM SUPPLY...SHE GOT DA SQUASHIEST SET OF TITS I EVER RODE! WANNA' FEEL ONE?..
EASY, CECILIA, EASY GIRL. SERGEANT, H.Q. WANTS US TO GO GET THE ENEMY PILOT. HE IS SURELY HIDING OUT UP IN THE NORTHERN RIDGE..

, LIEUT., DIS IS DA GREATEST WHORSE I EVER SAT!.. SHE JUS' ROLL BUMP HER OPULENT FANNY SO SMOOTHY GOOD IT COULD MELT BUTTER!
STOP FONDLING HER, SERGEANT, WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR EYES PEELED FOR THE AVIATOR...I THINK I'VE PICKED UP HIS TRAIL...

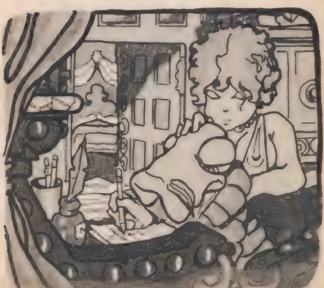
COMEON, YOU BIG, LUSCIOUS, SWOLLEN BROWN NIPPLE, GIVE US A LITTLE BITSY KISSY-POO...
HUM-I DON'T SEE HOW THE BASTARD COULDA' GOT THIS FAR UP THE RIDGE.. YET THE TRAIL IS CLEAR AND UNMISTAKABLE...
VAUGHN BODE

HEY, SHE TONGUE-KISSES!
AHH, IT'S GETTING LATE AN IT LOOKS LIKE THE PILOT HAS DONE OUTRUN US.. I SUGGEST WE MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT...

SERGEANT, YOU GOT TO STAND GUARD DUTY WHILE I GO. AHH, 'BED-DOWN' DA WHORSES FOR DA NIGHT...
...BUT... IT ONLY 2:30 IN DA AFTERNOON.

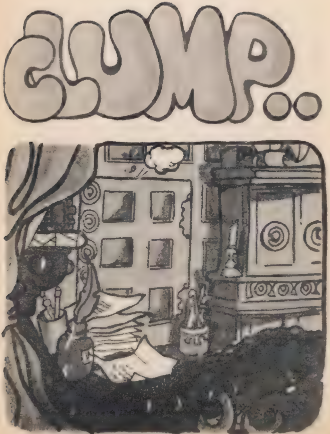
BEAN, GERBEL AN PORN

by VAUGHN BODÉ © 1970



.."HE STICKED IT IN HER MOUTH AN SHE WENT; OOGH"...HUM...

I IS NOT TOO SATISFIED WIF DAT LINE....LET'S GO TO DA'LAB...


CLUMP..

OOGH!

...I IS TOTALLY, SATISFIED WIF DAT LINE NOW, FOLKS...

POW!

by VAUGHN BODE ©1971

HEY, BUDDY, WAIT UP!

WHAT YOU-AHH, GOING TO DO WIF DAT THERE LUSCIOUS PIECE OF WOBBLY MEAT?..
DAT IS: A ENEMY PRISONER OF WAR.. I TAKING DIS SOLDIER TO H.Q...SO JUST BEAT IT, GET OFF MY BACK, MAC...

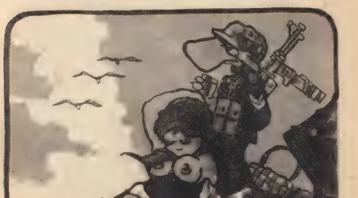
LOOKIT, OL' BUDDY, DUTY IS AS DUTY DO. I UNDERSTANDS ABOUT CONVENTIONS AN RULES OF WARFARE AND ALL DAT, BUT COULDN'T WE JUS' TAKE HER INTO DA WOODS FOR A WHILE?..I HASN'T HAD ANY FOR A LONG TIME YOU KNOW...

I NEVER LOOKED AT DIS TROOPER DAT WAY. SHE IS KINDA OPULENT AN WHOLESOME. ISN'T SHE?...
YOU KNOW IT, OL' PAL, SHE A PROVERBIAL: WALKING HOUSE OF PLEASURE!..

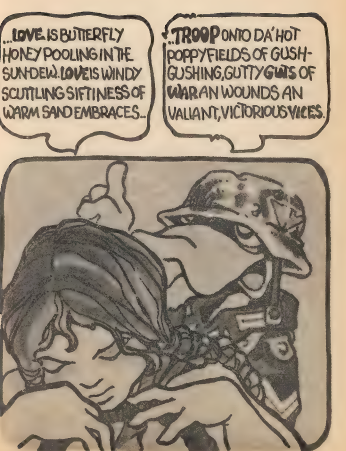
...INTO DA WOODS, BABY.
LAUGHN BODE

DUNE DAYS

by VAUGHN BODE ©1970



...LOVE BLOWS BLUEPETALS OF LAVENDER KISSY KISS CONTENTMENT AND NIPPLE NIPPING...
YO, CLASH CLANGING, BANGING TREADS OF WAR, THUNDER-ROLL ORE'DA HEART....I IS INTO BAYONET KISSES!

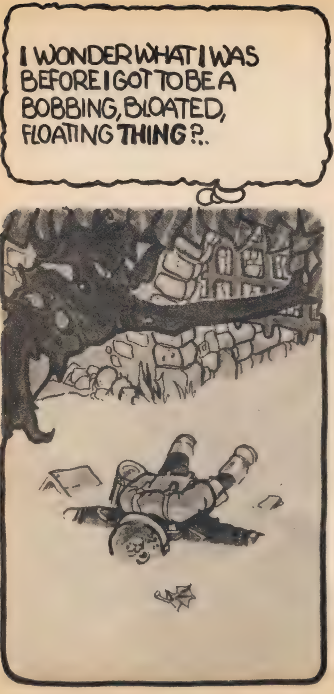

...LOVE IS BUTTERFLY HONEY POOLING IN THE SUN-DEW. LOVE IS WINDY SCUTTLING SIFTINESS OF WARM SAND EMBRACES...
..TROOP ONTO DA' HOT POPPY FIELDS OF GUSH-GUSHING, GUTTY GUTS OF WAR AN WOUNDS AN VALIANT, VICTORIOUS VICES.

..DISSOLVE OUR BODIES, SOFT TOUCHING PARTS AN PLACES, COMBINING AND MINING SOOLY SECRET SHAFTS OF LOVE...
MACHINEGUN DOWN RUNINING LIFES, LIKE TARBLOOD-BUBBLES POPPING IN THE IRON FURNACE OF SUN-DAYS..

..TONGUE TRUCK OUR PULSED PASSIONS OVER SKINDOWN PASTURES OF INTIMATE INVOLVEMENT..
RUMBLING, MUMBLING COLUMNS OF ARMORUS ARMOR STRIKE TO DA' BATTLE-HEART OF MY WAR, GORE AN GOD!..

...LOVE LOVES TO BE....
...WAR, MEANS MORE....

RIVER MEAT
by VAUGHN BODĒ
©1970


I WONDER WHAT I WAS BEFORE I GOT TO BE A BOBBING, BLOATED, FLOATING **THING**?..

MAYBE I WAS ALWAYS THIS AND JUST NOW THOUGHT I'D THINK TO BE AWARE OF WHAT I AM...

MAYBE I WAS SOMETHING ELSE BEFORE WHAT I AM NOW, SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE DONE AND THOUGHT ANOTHER WAY WITH OTHER THINGS TO BE IMPORTANT TO...

I MIGHT HAVE WALKED ON TOP THE ACTUAL GROUND, AND WADED THROUGH AUTUMN CORN.. I COULD HAVE HEARD A DISTANT DRUM AND SOMEWHERE SOMEBODY MISSING ME LIKE A SCOOPED OUT THING THAT WAS..

LIBERTY

by VAUGHN BODÉ ©1971

· STAY WITH ME, WINGMAN, IIS ROLLING IN.. NOW.
· AHH, ROGER, HIMMIE, RIGHT WITH YOU. TICK
· I GOT A CLEAR BURST AT HER BELLY BUTTON.
· SOMEBODY GIVE ME A T.A. HEADING. POP
· WHAT DA' HELL ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, 32, SHE'S RIGHT UNDER YOU. PUT, CRACKLE · ROGE.
· WATCH OUT, 51, SHE'S GOIN FOR YOU.
· JESUS, BREAK LEFT, HIMMIE !! · WHAT?..
51

· SHE GOT HIMMIE!! FRIZZZ, CRACKLE
· ROGER, CONFIRM, DID YOU SEE A CHUTE?..
· HIMMIE, HIMMIE, SOB... POP, PUT
· 70, YER IN TOO DAMN CLOSE... · G.C. JM 45.
· I'M DROPPING BACK TO SHOOT HER FANNY UP.
· AHH, G.C., 09 STRAFING HER LEFT BREAST.
· ROGER 09, ADVISE YOU PUT SOME CANNON-
ROUNDS IN THE NIPPLE AREA. TICK

·WATCH IT, DON'T GET TANGLED IN HER HAIR.
·GOD DAMN NICE BURST, GUNTER. POP!
·PULLOUT 70, YER RIGHT UNDER HER ASS!
·G.C., MY MANIFOLD PRESSURE IS DROPPING...
·I'M WALKIN MY TRACERS UP HER FACE. SNAP!
·GET HER EYES, 32. ·DAT'S A TRICKY DEFLECTION.
·YOU IDIOT, YOU ALMOST SHOT ME DOWN!
·TAP, TAP HELLO, HELLO.. DAMN, MY RADIO'S OUT.

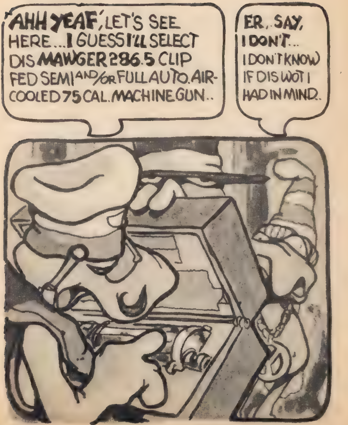
• I LAID CANNON FIRE INTO HER EYES.
• BEAUTIFUL GROUPING, YOU BLEW EM' RIGHT OUT.
• SHE'S HURT BAD, BOYS, GET AWAY IF SHE FALLS IN.
• OH WOW, LISTEN TO HER SCREAM.
• FRITZY, WHERE DA HELL ARE YOU ?!
POP
• RIGHT BEHIND YOU AT 4 O'CLOCK.
• HEY, SHE'S GONNA FALL, DAT EYE BURST DID IT.
• GOD, I WISH I HAD A CAMERA.
CRACK

·G.C. TO GROUP, DAMN FINE SHOOTING, BOYS, LET'S HEAD FOR HOME.
·ROGER. T/C
VAUGHN BODĒ

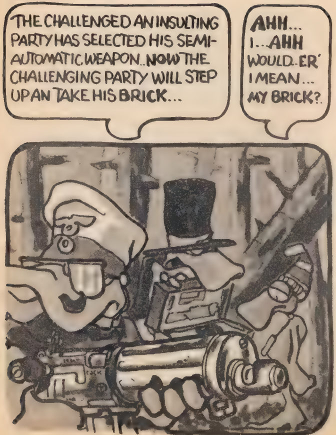
DA DUEL

by VAUGHN BODE ©1970

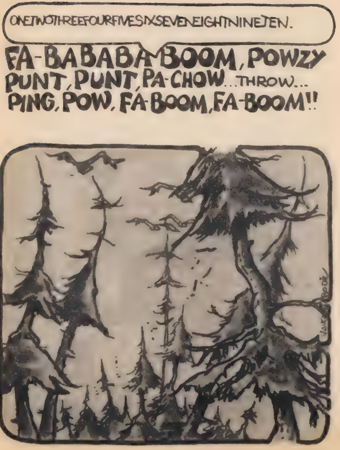
GENTLELIZARDS..THE DUELING PARTIES WILL COMMENCE TO MAKE THEIR CHOICE OF WEAPONS..THE CHALLENGED AND INSULTING PARTY, BECAUSE HE WAS CHALLENGED, WILL SELECT FIRST...



'AHH YEAF,' LET'S SEE HERE... I GUESS I'LL SELECT DIS MAWGER 286.5 CLIP FED SEMI AND/OR FULL AUTO. AIR-COOLED 75 CAL. MACHINE GUN..
ER.. SAY, I DON'T... I DON'T KNOW IF DIS WOT I HAD IN MIND..


THE CHALLENGED AN INSULTING PARTY HAS SELECTED HIS SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPON..NOW THE CHALLENGING PARTY WILL STEP UP AN TAKE HIS BRICK...
AHH... I...AHH WOULD..ER' I MEAN... MY BRICK?.

BACK TO BACK YOU TWO.. TIME'S WASTING...MARCH TEN PACES TURN, TAKE AIM AND FIRE OR THROW AS THE CASE MAY BE...
...MY BRICK?...


ONETWOTHREEFOURFIVESIXSEVENEIGHTNINETEN.
FA-BABABA-BOOM, POWZY PUNT, PUNT, PA-CHOW...THROW... PING, POW, FA-BOOM, FA-BOOM!!

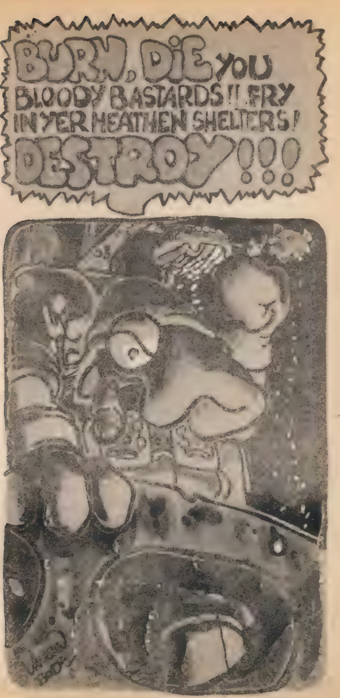
BOMBING

by VAUGHN BODE ©1970

MAJESTIC, NO ONE, THE CITY, JUST AS YOU SAID!. IT LIES EXACTLY, DIRECTLY 2 MILES BELOW AS YOU READ ON THE MAP.
MOST IMPRESSIVE, NO ONE, THE CAPTAIN-PILOTS OF YOUR WHOLE HEAD-FLEET SIGNALS THEY IS READY TO BOMB THE CITY...

YOG
GOOD, BY GOD, GOOD! START DA BOMBING AN DESTROYING! I WANT THA' EVIL BASTARDS TORN UP, CRUSHED UNDER THE BOOT OF MY HEADS!!. KILL, YOU FOOL!!

DOOM GRUD HUMPH!
LOOKIT DA' DAMN CITY BURN! BY GOD, LET'S HAVE MORE BOMBS! MORE BOMBS!


BURN, DIE YOU BLOODY BASTARDS!! FRY IN YER HEATHEN SHELTERS! DESTROY!!!

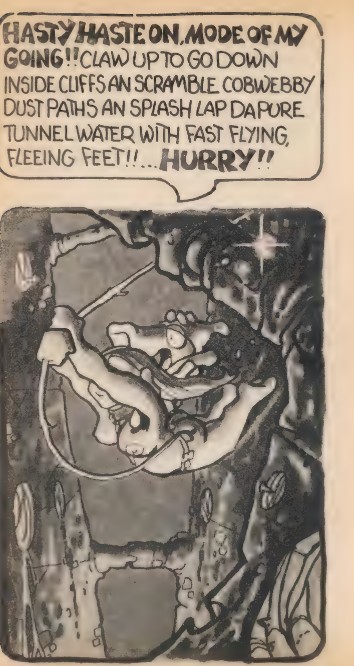
SIR..MOST DISCERNING LEADER?.YOU HAS BEEN READING DA OL' MAP UPSIDE-DOWN..SEE?.. DAT MEAN DIS IS OUR OWN BELOVED;
..CAPITAL CITY.

U-22

by VAUGHN BODE ©1970

CLUTTERS OF MUTTER-STONE EYES LAY ABOUT ME IN JUMBLES ON TEN BILLION YEAR OLD SMOTHER! THEY CLICKY-CLACKING AN WATCHY-LOOKIN' LEAVING ONLY ONE MORE DOORWAY OPEN TO GO....

DITCH BITCH MOVE!
RIDE ME AWAY, DOWN FROM FEARFUL OPEN OPEN!..RIDE ME DOWN INTO RAMBLED CORRODED CORRIDORS OF BEAUTIFUL INSANITY'S WOMB!!


HASTY HASTE ON, MODE OF MY GOING!! CLAW UP TO GO DOWN INSIDE CLIFFS AN SCRAMBLE COBWEBBY DUST PATHS AN SPLASH LAP DA PURE TUNNEL WATER WITH FAST FLYING, FLEEING FEET!!... HURRY!!

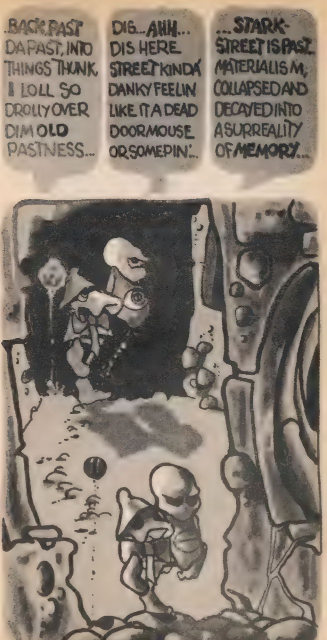
DOWN DEEPER, BITCH OF A MIND!!.. LOSE DA PURSUERS OF MY WRACKED SURFACE! LOSE DA EYE-STONES AN CLICKY-CLACKING! LOSE DA LIGHT OF REAL DAY, TAKE ME INTO DA BOWELS OF UTOPIA!...

...I IS LOST....AT LAST...

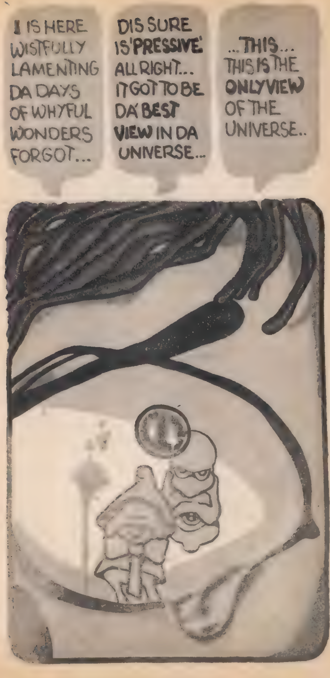
SELF

by VAUGHN BODĒ ©1970

I HEAR SUCK SUCK SUCKLING SOUNDS..I AM LAPPY LICKIN' NODULES OF MY MIND...
WOW, DIS IS SURE A 'PRESSIVE' PLACE TO GO WALKIN' AN LOOKIN' ALL AROUND...
YOU SEE, THIS PLACE ABODES US ALL..WE WALK TO LOOK WITHIN OURSELVES..


..BACK PAST DA PAST, INTO THINGS THUNK, I LOLL SO DROLLY OVER DIM OLD PASTNESS...
DIS... AHH... DIS HERE STREET KINDA' DANKY FEELIN LIKE IT A DEAD DOORMOUSE OR SOMEPIN'...
... STARK-STREET IS PAST MATERIALISM, COLLAPSED AND DECAYED INTO A SURREALITY OF MEMORY...

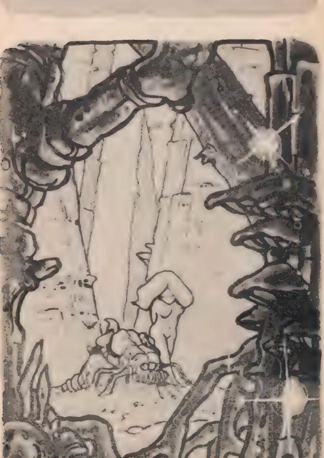
OPENNESS WASHES OUT UPON DA' FLESHY FLOOR REMINDING REMEMBERS I NEVER SAW..
LOOKS, IT GOT A BIG HUGE WINDOW TO PEER OUTTA'...I SEE STUFF MOVIN' OUT THERE...
A WINDOW? THIS IS OUR APERTURE TO SEE ALL OF REALITY IN CONFLICT AN MOTION...


I IS HERE WISTFULLY LAMENTING DA DAYS OF WHYFUL WONDERS FORGOT...
DIS SURE IS 'PRESSIVE' ALL RIGHT... IT GOT TO BE DA BEST VIEW IN DA UNIVERSE...
...THIS... THIS IS THE ONLY VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE..

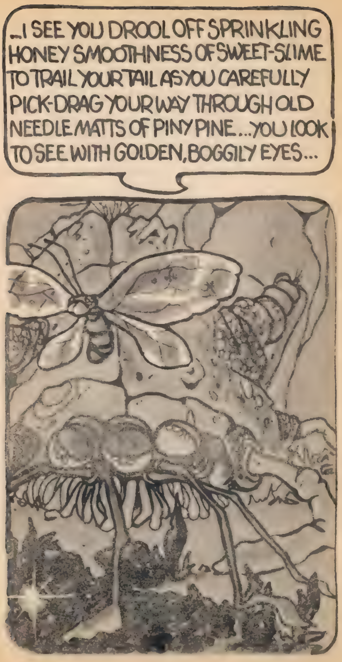
VAUGHN
BODĒ

THE MONSTER

by VAUGHN BODE ©1970



...IT IS, AS I WATCH YOU,. I WATCH THE WAY YOU MOVE..THE WAY YOU SUCK-SLITHER, THE WAY YOU CLICK YOUR MANDIBLE KLACKERS AND WAVE BONEY POWERFUL CHITINIOUS CHINA LIMBS...


...I SEE YOU DROOL OFF SPRINKLING HONEY SMOOTHNESS OF SWEET-SLIME TO TRAIL YOUR TAIL AS YOU CAREFULLY PICK-DRAG YOUR WAY THROUGH OLD NEEDLE MATTS OF PINY PINE ...YOU LOOK TO SEE WITH GOLDEN, BOGGILY EYES...

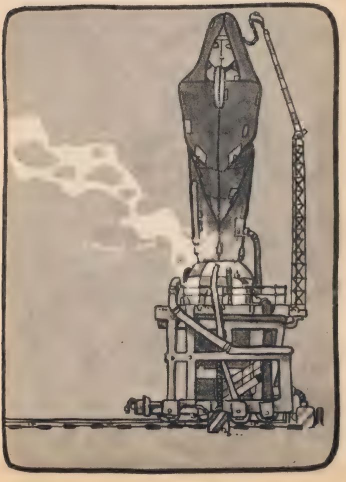
...I FEEL YOUR DOWNY SOFT SENSORY HAIRS TASTING THE WOODY MORNING-DEW AIR..YOUR NOBLE, LUMBERING HULK OF MINDFUL GREAT CARE, GOES THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT MOLESTING THE TINIEST THING THAT EVER MOVED...

...YOU SPARKLE CRYSTALS OF FRIENDLY WARM IN THE LOWEST CREATURE BY THE LOWEST STOOL.. YOU TOUCH TRUTH WITH GENTLE TIPPED TENTACLE AND CONVEY IT TO THE BLIND. YOU ARE FOREVER GOOD AND KIND...

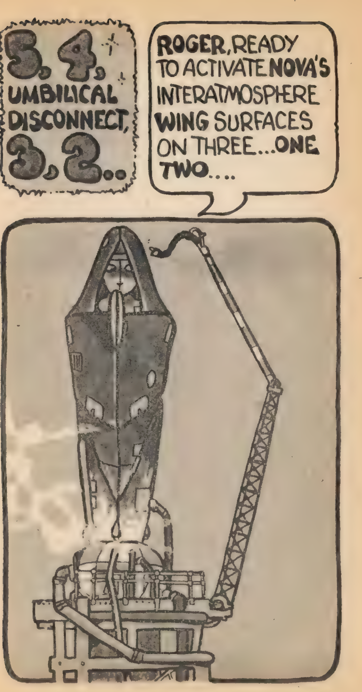
...I LOVE YOU."

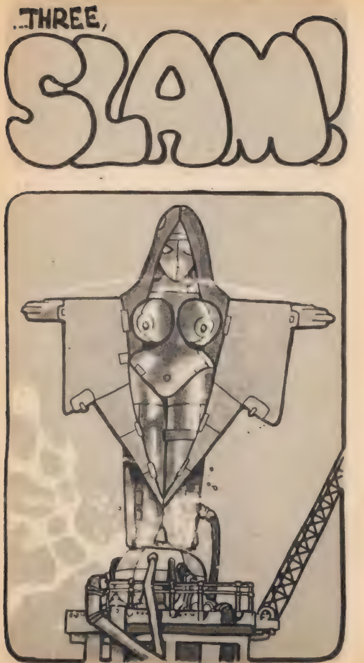
NOVA-1

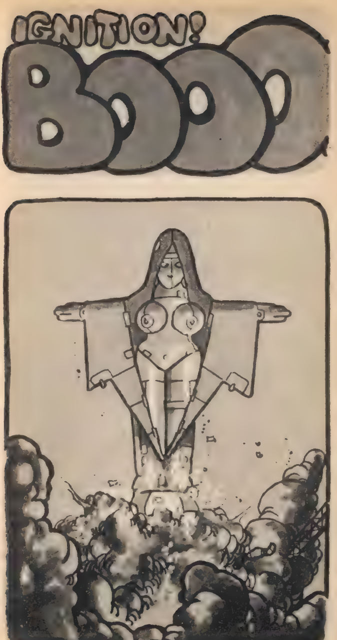
BY VAUGHN BODĒ © 1971

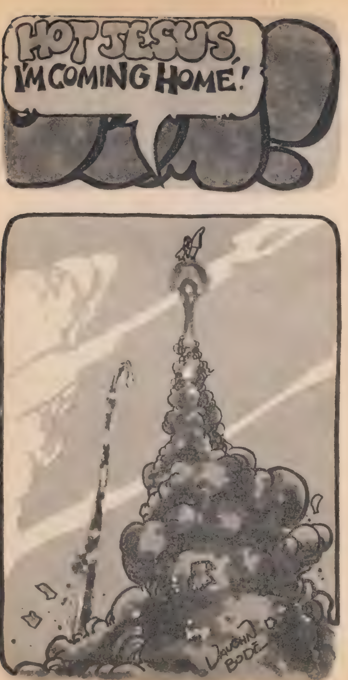


10, 9, 8, 6..
INTERNAL POWER ON, ALL AUTO-OVERRIDE ON ARM...UM, MANUAL E.M.C. IGNITION TO FIRE.


5, 4, UMBILICAL DISCONNECT, 3, 2..
ROGER, READY TO ACTIVATE NOVA'S INTERATMOSPHERE WING SURFACES ON THREE...ONE TWO....


...THREE,
SLAM!

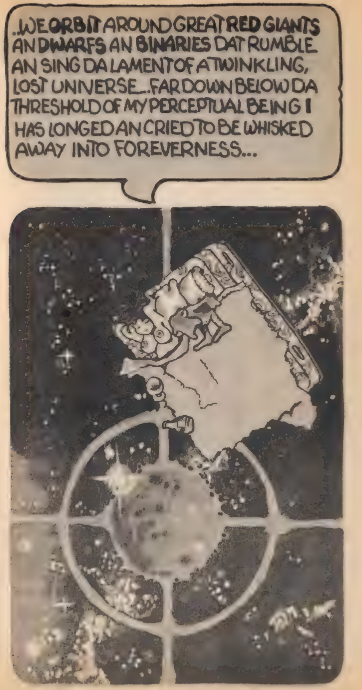

IGNITION!
BOOO

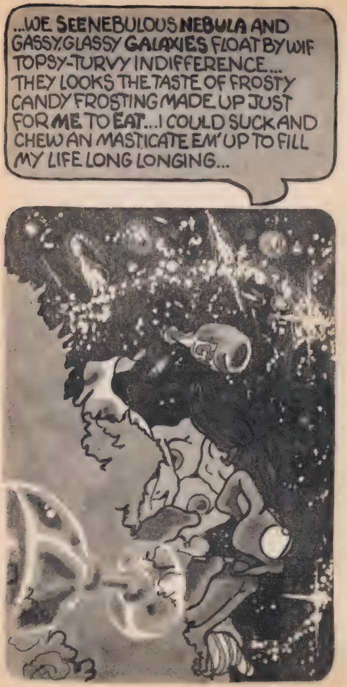

HOT JESUS, I'M COMING HOME!
VAUGHN BODĒ

SPACE BED

BY VAUGHN BODE ©1971

OUTBOUND WE GOES, UPON MY VERY BED, SIXTY TRILLION LIGHT YEARS ACROSS MY HEAD, TO DEEP, FAR-GONE PLACES TO KNOW ABOUT...I SEES THE SUNNY STARK STARS AN LOOKY BRITE LIGHTS WHEELING BY IN DA CRUMBLY CRYSTAL COLD OF MOTHER SPACE...


..WE ORBIT AROUND GREAT RED GIANTS AN DWARFS AN BINARIES DAT RUMBLE AN SING DA LAMENT OF A TWINKLING, LOST UNIVERSE...FAR DOWN BELOW DA THRESHOLD OF MY PERCEPTUAL BEING I HAS LONGED AN CRIED TO BE WHISKED AWAY INTO FOREVERNESS...

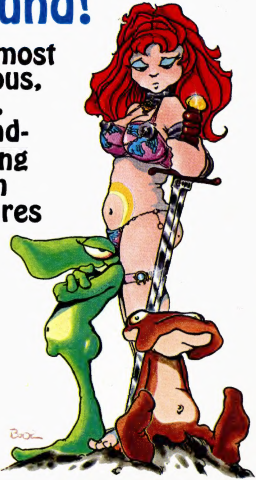

...WE SEE NEBULOUS NEBULA AND GASSY, GLASSY GALAXIES FLOAT BY WIF TOPSY-TURVY INDIFFERENCE... THEY LOOKS THE TASTE OF FROSTY CANDY FROSTING MADE UP JUST FOR ME TO EAT...I COULD SUCK AND CHEW AN MASTICATE EM' UP TO FILL MY LIFE LONG LONGING...

WOMAN, IT'S BEAUTIFUL OUT HERE!!.. WE IN DA WRAPPED UP VASTNESS OF SNOW COLD AFTERNOON SPACE!.. DIS IS ALL DA PLACE TO BE AND ALL DA WAYS TO SEE AND ALL DA PEACE I COULD EVER WANT. DIS IS DA PEACE PLACE!!

WHICH REMINDS ME, I HASN'T BALLED HER IN DA LAST TWENTY MINUTES.
VAUGHN BODÉ

Up from the Under-ground!

The most outrageous, erotic, and mind-boggling cartoon adventures you'll ever see.



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TwobyFour

the DREGS